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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1877.

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No. 14.

THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER'S.

BY MARY F. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MORNING was delightful—one of those

melancholy mornings of the young autumn,

when the voice of nature seems to break

the stillness with her song, and the air is

heavy with the fragrance of fallen

leaves and flowers touched by frost. On a

stately steamer steamed Monsieur Victor,

his mother and Ada Venner.

"You will come back to us soon, my dear,"

for the Christmas holidays, or even sooner

if you can," Madame was saying.

"I will come for you any time you wish."

The possibility of a young lady making the

trip from Albany to New York alone had

scarcely occurred to Madame. She would have

considered it, if not a piece of ruthless

impudence, a ponderous undertaking for a

refined young lady. Monsieur held out his

arm, and Ada placed her hand, smilingly

within it. Monsieur had said his fare-
well words at the station, and though the

hour was early—earlier, in fact, than he was

accustomed to rising—he had found time for

painting one of his glowing word pictures of

his beloved Italy, and the glow on her cheek

and her breathless attention had well repaid

him for the effort. Now he only held her hand

for a moment, gave her one eloquent look

which spoke volumes, said "an revoir" with his

best bow, and turned away. The bell sounded,

and a moment later the boat was steaming

away up the Hudson. There is something

strangely revivifying in the magic word home,

and though she had been away so short a time,

Ada felt all its influence, as gliding up the

placid river, she left New York further behind.

Beautiful scenery was something that had never

palled on her admiring eyes. And here, turn-

ing herself wherever she would, she saw only

one unbroken scene of grand and pic-
turesque beauty. All the mar-
velous shades of autumn colors were in

their richest glow. A lustre of gold and red

and crimson was lying on the hill-top, crown-

ing the trees and shrubbery, and beneath her

feet lay the violet waters gliding with their

noiseless motion ever onward to the sea.

Mrs. Venner's chattering voice was almost

constant in her ears. She listened and

answered, but her thoughts, her soul, were com-

ing with the voice that Mrs. Venner did not

hear. Thus the beautiful day passed till

the evening shadows fell. They were expect-

ing her at home, and Mrs. Venner met her at

the door. Ada kissed her mother and dutifully

inquired after her health.

"Oh, I am no better, and probably never

shall be," sighed Mrs. Venner. "I am having

very bad nights of late; my rest has been

broken into by your father's illness, that

when he can spare me for an hour or two, I am

so very tired, and I lie down only to turn

and roll for sleep without obtaining it."

Ada knew that her mother was in the habit

of getting things wonderfully and fearfully

mixed up, but she was scarcely

prepared for the startling revelation

that met her when she sought out Judith for

a quiet chat in the kitchen; for Judith, in the

course of conversation, innocently revealed the

fact that Mrs. Venner had not lost an hour's

rest in the sick-room since her return home,

and herself and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Venner's

dear, having taken entire charge of him. Ada

was not surprised. After having been accustomed

to Madame's morose integrity, this terrible

assumption of the truth was simply horrible.

She started back, and from association

with some dream of horror, had become con-

taminated. She recovered herself in a mo-

ment, and said, quite calmly:

"Papa does not look as badly as I expected to

see him."

"Oh, no, he is not looking so desperate bad."

The doctor broke the fever right up, and

wasn't very sick only about a week. But it

seems like he can't gain strength. The doctor

says he has worked too hard—too many

business cares, and all that. And it seemed as

if he thought of nothing but you. He said it

wasn't like you to go to New York

with strangers, without consulting him. Some-

times when his fever was high, he would be out

of his head, and that was all his talk then; and

even after he got better it seemed to worry him,

and the doctor said for us to send for you."

"And was mamma willing?" asked Ada.

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moned on Ada's finger. She sprang up regard-

ing her shining limb, and caught Ada's hand.

"What is this?" she cried, eagerly examining

the delicate piece of workmanship. "Where

ring is this? Tell me quickly!"

Ada's face flushed crimson. With shame she

remembered her mother's plotting to throw her

into Monsieur Victor's society, and her object

in so doing. She stepped back, and with forced

calmness replied:

"It is mine. Monsieur Victor gave it to me,

and requested me to wear it till we met again.

If we never meet, to fulfil my promise I must

wear it always, I suppose."

Mrs. Venner was completely nonplussed.

She knew not what to think, and, strange as it

may seem, said nothing. Trembling with

suppressed anger and chagrin, that the ring

was not as she had hoped, she turned away

and went up stairs, whilst Ada went to her

father's room, and announced her intention to

sit up with him the balance of the night.

"I fear it will be taxing your strength too

far, Miss Ada," said Mr. Williams. "You must

be already tired from your journey, are you

not?"

"I do not think I was ever really tired in

my life," she responded, with a winning smile.

"Indeed, if papa rests well, I shall sleep none."

Mr. Williams had been good-natured, and

Ada began her vigil by the sick bed, and

Mrs. Venner watching her with fond bright eyes.

The right of her father's room, she had

explained all when the proper time came. And

now, when she was alone, she was free to

express all her feelings. He did not care to

talk much, it was enough to have her near

him again.

Though her going to New York was some

thing of a mystery to him, Mrs. Venner had

been peculiarly uncommunicative in regard to

the matter, he was satisfied that Ada would

explain all when the proper time came. This

much he knew. She was pure as when she

left him—she was true! Never in her life

had she been guilty of a real wrong. He

closed his eyes, the happiness which this

thought had brought him shining through his

face. Ada saw something of which was

padding in his mind. From long association

with him, she had learned to read the varied

expressions of that face quite distinctly. She

felt that it would be wrong to expose her

mother, or if not wrong, her feelings rebelled

against it. Still she could not bear to have her

father before taking so important a step. She

went over his head, and in a voice which

sounded full of love:

"Judith has told me how much you have

missed me, papa, and how much you talked

of going to New York without first consulting

me. Will you believe that I was entirely

against my wishes to go without consulting

you, that circumstance, almost unnoticed,

and so intricate that I could not refuse with-

out doing another an injury—though it

would have been more an exposure than an

injury—compelled me? I would rather not

tell you more than this if you are satisfied that

you are not really to blame."

"You need not tell me more," he said, passing

his thin hand caressingly over her hair. "Then

you sacrificed your own wishes to save an

child? So like your own noble self, my sweet

child."

"Only so far as you were concerned," she

said, quickly, for fear of being misunderstood.

"Was very happy while in New York, and

was very, very kind to me and want me

to come soon again. And only for you I should

not be sorry I went."

"And if you were happy while there, I

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